

# Fabulous

## "Why Wouldn't I"

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**(feat. Paul Cain)**

*[Fabulous (Paul Cain)]*

Yeah, yo Cain (what up nigga)  
Why wouldn't these bitches love us nigga?  
Why wouldn't these niggas hate us huh?  
(Why wouldn't they Fab?)  
Yeah, (Desert Storm), uh, yeah, uh

*[Fabulous]*

Why wouldn't I talk as greasy as cheese steak meat  
In a strawberry Range, pie crust piping on the  
cheesecake seats  
I'm known for hittin' women's soft spots  
With Princess cut Canaries the size of lemon cough  
drops

*[Paul Cain]*

I'm right behind 'em in the Porsche drop  
Linen soft top, sick chain with 20 point rocks  
Take your bitch, why wouldn't I?  
The whip got chrome shoes, cream leather seats with  
old wooden sides

*[Fabulous]*

Uh, yeah, what's really poppin', usually boys know  
This ghetto superstar with the Bruce Lee-roy glow  
Niggas has to hate the outcome (yeah)  
Plus I'm in a throwback from the same year they  
assassinated Malcolm

*[Paul Cain]*

Make so much ends, I got to find faster ways to count  
'em (yeah)  
A minute on the block, how fast I make a thousand?  
(Cain)  
That nigga you love to hate, still hug blocks and bubble  
weight  
Off the love I can't

*[Fabulous]*

Baby girl, why wouldn't fellas stop ya?

After we come through the hood in helicopters (yeah)

*[Paul Cain]*

The dro I got in this wood, is hela-proper  
We do the damn thing, who could they tell us not ta

*[Chorus - Fabolous (Paul Cain)]*

Why wouldn't this joint make you wanna dance?  
Why wouldn't these jewels make you wanna glance?  
(Why wouldn't this whip make you wanna ride?  
And why wouldn't this thing be on my side?)  
Why wouldn't this game have you on your knees?  
Why wouldn't these 20's be on the V's?  
(Why wouldn't this money make you wanna hate?)  
Why wouldn't I what?

*[Paul Cain]*

Why wouldn't I pull up to the spot, yellow is all (ok)  
Dressed in yellow linen, covered in Canaries never a  
flaw (uh huh)  
Why shouldn't I wear this much ice  
The Princesses in my hair, are clear and cut, right?  
Why wouldn't I talk this slick (why not?)  
With a watch and bracelet this flooded, and a cross this  
sick?  
So why wouldn't I get it homes (I mean)  
To a nigga gettin' money like myself, a little brain that's  
minimal (yeah)

Might talk but I live it though, sick chain glitter roll  
Never sleep and don't stop gettin' that

*[Fabolous]*

Uh, hold up Cain, uh, why wouldn't I have samples of  
raw (uh huh)  
And academic sample velours (uh huh)  
Hypnotic samples the poor (woo)  
The European sample is all (yeah)  
Will on the right side do with the wings stamped on the  
door  
It's the street family boss, I land by the shores  
Get pampered by whores, eat scampy and claws  
The kid's been tramped before by a tramp with no  
flaws  
That's up to they get cramps in they jaws  
I keep kefs jammed in the four  
Amp meter draw, end up in a wheelchair rammed by  
your dog

*[Chorus - Fabolous (Paul Cain)]*

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Why wouldn't these jewels make you wanna glance?  
(Why wouldn't this whip make you wanna ride?  
And why wouldn't this thing be on my side?)  
Why wouldn't this game have you on your knees?  
Why wouldn't these 20's be on the V's?  
(Why wouldn't this money make you wanna hate?)  
Why wouldn't I huh? Why wouldn't I what?

*[Fabolous]*

After a million scanned on it (yeah)  
Why wouldn't the Range look like it got 20-inch ceiling  
fans on it (woo)  
Only reason you in my face ma'am  
Is cause i got the same mike's that Jordan had on the  
"Space Jam"

*[Paul Cain]*

Why wouldn't I chase chips  
Come through Aves, like "Pluto Nash" in Coupes that  
look like spaceships  
Ridiculous bracelet and the outrageous  
Watch with flawless rocks, invisible placement

*[Fabolous]*

Uh, I oughta feel like a boss (uh huh)  
Why wouldn't I get a 100 an appearance, quarter mil a  
endorse  
I oughta feel some remorse  
Cause I'm killin' 'em out there, and a stick shift sport  
utility Porsche

*[Paul Cain]*

Yeah, I know when you see us, it be pissin' you off  
Cause you would think we paid a fortune for the shit  
that we floss  
Spend summers in my Sicily loft  
Whole crib, interior decoration done by Christian Dior  
(Baby girl), I got cops thats on the payroll  
Jet skies, and speed boats docked up in Barbados

*[Fabolous]*

Green and cream Tims, brocolli and potatoes  
Why wouldn't you see the Storm for the rocks and  
these tornadoes

*[Chorus - 2X]*

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